

Cherry Dyed

by LuceyLacie

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Summary: Oikawa Tooru was not a genius, but he had a reason to live on, to push on, and to fight. She didn't have any of those, and maybe that was what attracted her to him in the first place. Oikawa x OC

## 1. Prologue

\*\*A/N: Yes, another story but Disclaimer: I do not in any way own Haikyuu, all rights belong to its mangaka. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Captivation is what makes you see the prospect of a dream.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>When she first laid eyes on him, in the middle of a volleyball game-she'll admit she was curious about why he had so many admirers-she'll admit that when her eyes first turned to look at him, she found herself attracted.<p>

Not by his looks but by the intensity of his eyes and the confidence that backed up his skill. Smug, one may call him, but beneath that cheery disposition, she could see a predator polishing its claws, awaiting its next victim. High intelligence and an amazing game sense that lurks beneath those seemingly innocent smiles, she found itâ€| interesting.

Her eyes follow the ball, as it goes over the net repeatedly until it lands earning a team a point, she observes this odd game not paying any attention to the whispers and pointing she's receiving- can't blame them of course, those who have nothing better to do, for looking at her like a display in the zoo.

The whispers seem to be louder than she had originally presumed them to be as she finds that \_boy \_look in her general direction. The action itself grants her ears deaf as the girls around her-most of them-scream at the hope that he was looking at them. In reality though, she knows whom his eyes pinpoint in the crowd-\_her\_.

Though as rude as people deem it to be, they stare at each other for what seems to be minutes but is later revealed to be less than such.

Looking into those calculating chocolate-like eyes, she finds amusement at the prospect of his confusion as to who she was. But what catches her attention the most is the ghost of determination lurking behind his confusion, determination she deems he needed for the match.

As much as she'd hate to show it or even say it, she found herself getting entranced by this boy much more than she would have preferred. Regrettably so.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Inspiration is what tells you to start it.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>When asked who was she was, they would tell you about her but not sooner you'll notice that it was as if they were just insulting her. Who was she to get mad though, when what they use to describe her was true?<p>

It wasn't hard to spot her in a crowd, with her hair dip dyed with a shade of red much akin to her name and that itself was a sign of her nonchalant-ness with rules and regulations. They can't kick her out though, with her grades soaring like the rainbow and the \_generous \_donations her family make, she was too much of a useful pawn to easily throw to the side.

For her life was boring indeed, seeing as she had no real reason to live. She wasn't part of any varsity, she didn't have many friends, she wasn't particularly interested in life, nor did she need to work hard for her family but she was breathing. Breathing, blinking, and functioning. But not in any way was she \_living\_.

So when she wandered into that gym, she'll tell you that she frequently visits now, she watches them play. Tiring, sweating, and panting for a game. A \_game \_that she thinks is just an intensified version of 'don't let the ball touch the floor'. Every time she watches, she wonders. Every time \_he \_serves, she wonders. Every point they score, she wonders.

She wonders how they could find the need, the drive, and the push to give all their efforts and pour most of their time into a sport. She wonders, wonders, and wonders but every time she sees the concentration mirrored in his eyes, the reason becomes clear and she finds herself envying him for having such a reason.

It was thanks to him that she started looking for her own reason to go on with life, to actually enjoying being alive. A reason she herself cannot even bring to guess at, all because she found herself

captivated by that boy whose name she should probably know by now, but cannot bring herself to ask around for.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Motivation is what pushes these dreams to become reality.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>After her visit to the gym where they practice, she walks out knowing that they are done practicing, and as she places one foot after the other, she raises her uniform sleeve to her nose sniffing it and later curling her nose at the slight lingering scent of Salompas.<p>

Putting one step in front of the other, it is only a matter of time before she reaches her destination, the gates of the school. Leaning against the pillar, letting the soft breeze caress her cheeks, she puts her headphones on while waiting for her older brother to come and fetch her. \_'That is if he remembers to fetch me instead of warming up another girl's bed that is.'\_

She doesn't know how many minutes or songs pass by as she just stares at the road in front of the school simply observing. Whether it may be people, animals, things or even nothing, she was just observing.

She notes that other girls her age would leave school alone, with a friend, a group of friends or their boyfriend. Some of them actually bother with the social aspect of life she can't even bring herself to consider. At parties her parents drag her to; it was a formality hence meaning she needed to if she didn't want to be reprimanded over again.

But here just on stand-by, she recognizes how much she is actually missing out on. Sure, she knows that she isn't the only one who can't be bothered with socializing and in an odd way that comforts her.

Feeling a slight buzzing from her pockets, she sees a text message from her brother.

\_Chihiro, \_

\_Can't make it today, go home by yourself. Eat out, warm something up, cook, or buy a bento, whichever comes as a priority to you, just eat. Don't care how. \_

\_-Aoi \_

\_P.S. Your scowl is enough to send stalkers the other way anyways, so keep it on your face today moron. \_

Pretty sure that the scowl he had previously mentioned is now gracing her face as she stares at the touch screen. Angrily typing in her reply, she doesn't notice the piece of paper that fell from her bag when she took out her cell.

\_Aoi, \_

\_Yeah sure, I can manage. I'll eat out; you left your credit card at home for emergencies, right? Then consider this one, bastard. Don't mind the bill, kay? You said you wouldn't! \_

\_Just make sure to get home not reeking of woman perfume, alcohol, or whatever substance. Also preferably not before midnight (don't get sarcastic and go home at 11:40-11:59). \_

\_-Chihiro \_

\_P.S. Your face is ugly enough to drive girls away, but you somehow get laid. Make sure you don't get caught using 'things' into tricking them jerk. \_

Pressing the send button, she makes her way down the road before her while not taking her headphones off the slightest. She keeps her phone in her hand just in case someone calls or texts her though she knows that the chances are in the negatives.

Humming along the way, she is still confused as to why those volleyball players try so hard when it's just a \_club\_. A part of her though is jealous at the fact that they are motivated enough for it, a motivation she herself cannot even find in order to find something she enjoys.

Walking down the streets, while facing the setting sun and admiring the way it paints the sky with warm colors in disarray, she doesn't notice the person who just arrives by the school gates. She didn't hear the footsteps nor did she notice the chatter for she was lost in a world where only music paved the path for her to take. A world of her own creation is what one can call it.

Oikawa Tooru was no doubt a gifted and talented setter whose abilities are completely above average, going far as to being able to bring out the team he's on abilities to a full 100%. Oikawa Tooru is somewhat the product of hard work and skills but he was not a genius born with a natural excellence. No. He wasn't a Kageyama Tobio whose throws are scarily precise and fast.

He brings out his team's potential to its peak and does not dictate his own team to move to what he thinks is needed.

And sometimes, he doesn't know what to make of that situation. He should be happy, that they still somewhat hold him in a higher regard than his \_beloved \_kouhai, but the anxiety was always behind him steadily approaching as Tobio is growing. The rate at which he is growing is for him, alarming. It never fails to remind him that the day when he is finally better than him is coming near and dare he say it, he is scared.

When the day comes that 'The King of the Court' doesn't rule based on his own expectations and regulations is a sight when he isn't sure if he wants to see.

As he approaches the gates, preparing to wait for Iwa-chan so that they'll go home together, he catches sight of blonde hair with ends dyed like cherries.

It may have been the wind that adds a slight ruffle to it, letting it

gently sway as if dancing with the wind, it may have been the sunset that offers rays of light that bounce off the blonde's head, appearing like a halo on an angel, or it may have been the fact that she was looking at the distance, eyes painted with a bundle of emotions- confusion, loneliness, and a slight flicker of determination but at that moment, even though he wasn't scared every time he meets Ushiwaka, he was somehow rooted to the spot.

He doesn't know how long he stares at her while she observes, but he doesn't look away the slightest when she receives a text message.

Thanks to his perception, he manages to deduce the fact that the message itself annoyed her but at the same time he could see the slightest shift in her expression- one that expressed fondness. He watches as she types a message in, erases it, and types a new one in then reads it over and deeming it enough as a reply, hits the screen and once satisfied, walks off in the distance.

As if she was the reason of paralysis he had undergone, he was finally able to move again when she had left.

Approaching the area she just had left, he racks his brain wondering when he had met her, seeing as they went to the same school but comes up with nothing and visibly deflates. But he brightens up at the thought that even though they haven't actually been formally introduced, he has heard of that 'cherry dyed chick'. Though not good things, he has at least heard of her.

In accordance to what he did hear, they say that she was the daughter of a major contributor to the school, hence making the faculty excuse her unattached and uninterested behavior; they overlook her rule breaking too.

Nodding his head in a disappointed way, he ponders if society has really stooped that low.

But those thoughts are cut short when he realizes that she was a third year too, and had one of the best grades on campus, but they weren't classmates.

Facing upwards while closing his eyes, he rifles through his memories as if trying to recall what else he overheard about her, until one struck him.

"\_\*\*Ah, by 'cherry dyed' do you mean Akane-san? Akane Chihiro?"  
\*\*\_

His eyes snap open, suddenly recalling her name. 'Akane Chihiro, huh? You seem interesting.'

As he watches the dying minutes of the sunset as it leaves the stage for the night, he notices the crumpled piece of paper by his foot. Picking it up and slowly opening it as to not tear it apart, he manages to read it under the moonlight.

What he sees surprises him.

It was a sketch of him serving, as in the exact moment when his hands touch the ball, and he is astounded by the detail, the confident line

strokes. He examines the drawing and finds the way someone drew his eyes intriguing. Even he himself finds it unrealistic that he actually looks like this.

His eyes roam all over the paper, carefully taking in each detail of the drawing, until they finally settle on the lower right portion of the paper.

\_\*\*-Akane Chihiro XX/XX/XXXX\*\*\_

The date surprises him again, as it was the date of the present. His lips fall into a smirk as he notes that she may have been watching him for quite a while now- a possibility yes, and quite farfetched but at least a \_possibility\_.

"Oi, Oikawa," a voice calls from behind him and he finds the ever reliable co-captain. "What are you doing here?"

"Iwa-chan~," the setter starts off placing his usual smile on his face- the one the person before him never thinks to be true. "Isn't it obvious? I was waiting, as to go home with you!"

The wing spiker looks at him incredulously and then gives in. "Fiiiiiiine. You see, Iwa-chan, one of my dates couldn't ma-"

But he never finishes the sentence. "Baka! So what am I? Jeez, and you're the captain."

"Ah, is Iwa-chan jealous?" Oikawa says with an ever mockingly hopeful face.

"You wish."

Oikawa laughs as the two start walking in line with each other. "Oikawa, what's that?"

The latter follows his gaze and lands on the paper in his hands, one that he somehow forgot he was holding. "Ah, it's a sketch of me." And he was met with a hit on the head.

"Jeez Iwa-chan! I just found it on the floor all crumpled up but it \_is\_ a sketch of me! See?!" He then proceeds to rub the picture in the former's face, but it seemed as if Hajime was drawn to the name at the bottom instead.

"Akane€| Chihiro?" His eyes widen as if realizing the name.

If Oikawa wondered who cherry dyed was back then, now he realized that she was probably someone he should look out for. Well, it was a bit unusual for Iwa-chan to know girls he didn't, so he takes that into consideration. Besides, this 'Akane Chihiro' seemed\_â€| interesting.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>But Desperation is what makes them crash and burn.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>AN:

Hey I just met you,  
>and this is crazy<br>but if you liked the story,  
>review me, maybe?<p>

## 2. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hey, so finally, I updated after being stuck at where to go with this story!\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't know about you, but I don't own Haikyuu! If I did, well, you know, with all dem ships...\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>It was a Monday and she knows that other people would prefer to sleep in as this day was always somehow dreaded. Those were other people. She thinks Monday is underappreciated because though the enjoyment of living is usually tied with Friday and Saturday, Monday was always there serving as your pull back to reality. You should be thankful to Mondays, for they always serve as a lesson that all good things will always come to an end.<p>

There she was lying down on her bed that was way too large, staring at the white ceiling above her as if it was suddenly painting itself. How she wishes it would do that instead, having the white walls haunt her of just how blank life was- how blank she was. She couldn't shake off the voices in her head that always seemed to be present here and there. Lingering, but never gone. So thanks to those whispers, she spends who knows how long reevaluating her life, and can she tell you that the result was less than desired.

Because even back then, she knew how horrid life was and because she knew, the whispers weren't all that new to her, because even back then she already knew.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Even as a kid, she knew all the whispers were unusual, that all the eyes staring at her were all doing so for a reason. It wasn't because she resembled a monster or that she bore any abnormality because even at a young age, she prided herself for she was beautiful. She knew there was something wrong with those fake trying hard to be concerned lip gloss smiles and those calculating and judgmental eyes. Even as a kid, she knew that her existence was something that was frowned upon in most countries.<em>

"\_I heard." One whispered from her left as she stood there admit the crowd, clutching her bunny foo-foo. "How disgraceful, I mean, she's almost the same age as \_their \_first son!"\_

"\_I feel bad for his wife, I mean taking thatâ€¦ that abomination in!" One more woman says with her annoying voice as she speaks with what was supposed to be an indoor voice.\_

\_She knows what she was; she wasn't all that innocent anymore. At the age she was at, and given the circumstances, she could put two and two together. She knows what she was, and she knows how much of aâ€¦|

\_disgrace\_ they see her as. She knows thatâ€¦ but she just doesn't want to be- she did not need to be- reminded every single second of the day. \_

\_She clutches her pink bunny foo-foo as she tries to blink back the tears that ever so threaten to slip out from her eyelids. She knows all the trouble she's brought with her but they seem to forget that she was just a \_kid\_. Just a kid left all alone. \_

\_She just clutches her stuffed toy harder against her chest praying, praying, so hardly, that her mom was there. That she was there with her, blocking out the bashful words all the mean people are saying and whispering what they'll have for dinner or one of her silly stories instead. \_

\_Heaven knows just how much she misses her mom. Literally, Heaven should know beca- \_

"\_Monster," one of them utters with so much distaste, she had no strength to lift her head up and tell the speaker that she wasn't, that her mother always told her that she was 'a beautiful surprise from up above'.\_

"\_She's nothing but the daughter of a whore," another says and she wanted to do nothing but to correct that vile human- her mother was not a whâ€¦ well, whatever they called her mother! \_

"\_That child is his? Ha, it's more like some bitch out there just wants her five seconds of fame." She hears a woman whisper to what she presumes to be her clique and she is so insulted when the woman's groupies agree with her. \_

\_The child amidst the crowd trembles, clutching the doll in a manner that would already resemble choking. The little girl wants to snap back at them and tell them that she didn't want this; she never wanted to intrude in her so called 'father's' happy little fairy tale life. But of course, fate was a cruel thing.\_

\* \* \*

><p>She already had a taste of how cruel reality was.<p>

And even though the ceiling above her mirrored who she was, they were also her opposite. Yes, it was blank but it was still white. It was still pure. It was still untainted. Wishing to be that was already impossible for her birth, her entire being, was already a sin that should have never been.

"Chihiro, wake up!" An annoying voice yells from the other side of the door, "We're gonna be late all thanks to \_you\_!"

She should be happy that that annoyingâ€¦but begrudgingly endearingâ€¦voice only blames her for being the reason for their tardiness when he had a lot more reasons to blame her for. A lot more reasons that she should be hated for.

"I know you're heavy but drag your ass out of bed!" The annoying voice shouts while pounding on the door.

Slowly, she drags herself from her bed, while wordlessly thanking



Mondays for being there. Before completely leaving her beloved bed, she picks up a pillow. The yelling of her brother wasn't getting any softer, so she opens the door and throws the pillow to his face.

"I'm up." She simply says as she walks past him before he can execute his revenge, "And I \_so\_ have a nice ass and face, while you, \_don't.\_"

Thankful for the few moments of silence, she hurriedly makes her way downstairs before the house is shook by his brother's louder yell of her name.

Her brother may be one of her rocks in life, and she should be thankful but somehow, the thoughts always greet her first thing in the morning.

\_She didn't deserve this. \_

\* \* \*

><p>"Nee-chan! Nee-chan!" Her twin monsters greet her as they see her descend from the stairs and her heart is filled with warmth that these two never fail to provide.<p>

She goes over to them, bending down, she places a kiss on their foreheads.

"Hana," she says as she kisses her little sister who was sporting a grin. "Kuroko," she greets him as she kisses his head much to his displeasure.

The twins were the lovable pandemonium of the Akane household, and they were also the loveable mess of her life. "Sit next to me!" They both demand in unison only to end up glaring at the other.

"No, nee-chan sits with me!" Like Siamese twins they both were, really.

Another voice joins in the fray, "Chihiro, just sit in the middle to appease both them, we all know we don't need the headache this early."

Her father smiles as he takes his seat at the occupying the one in front of Hana. Though she knows that she should be thankful to the man before her for taking her in, she still cannot bring herself to accept the man that was supposed to be her father. Even after ten years of spending her days with this family, she always felt as if she doesn't belong.

"Please do, Chihiro, you know how the twins get." A gentle voice says from her right, sitting in front of Kuroko. Turning to look at the voice, she is met with her mother. Up until now, she still doesn't know how to act with her mother. After ten years, she should have been used to the woman, smiling, laughing, and coinciding with her. But every time she is looked at by those eyes of hers, she still cannot bring herself to.

\_This woman should hate her, \_a voice whispers in her head, \_this woman should want her out of their lives. \_

Not doing anything else, she takes the seat in between the twins.

"And mom, you should know how Chihiro is." The annoying voice is back once again, all heads turning to look at him as he descends the stairs. "She is always torn between the two demons."

"Hey!" "Do not call them demons!" The three of them shout at him as Hana frowns, while she and Kuroko glare. That boy is taking after her way too much, it's worrying.

"True, true," Her mother laughs as Aoi moves to take the empty seat left in between the parents. Mother and father should sit close next to each other, but she is somewhat grateful that mother isn't the one sitting directly in front of her.

"Alright, let's eat breakfast so that you guys can go and scamper off to school." Father says with an amused smile on his face at the face of his twins.

All of them say their thanks and then began to dig into their food.

The table is lively as the twins animatedly talk about their dreams while her parents and brother laugh along, with her giving a smile and a chuckle here and there.

It's not that she doesn't talk, but she can never voice out her thoughts at her house. Talking to the twins and Aoi was like second nature, but to her parents? She justâ€¦ still couldn't push herself to. It never felt as if it was her place to talk.

Even at breakfast, she is reminded of how different she is from their family. Here they sat, with their black-ish, brown-ish hair, while she's blonde. Her mother's eyes were a deep brown, her father's being hazel, and Hana took after father, while Kuroko and Aoi took after their motherâ€" but her eyes were comparable to melted silver.

Really, fate just loves with messing with her a lot.

\* \* \*

><p>As she walks through the school gates, she easily walks through the crowd as they all seem to avoid her. Thanks to that, she easily makes her way to her classroom and to her seat. Knowing there was a good thirty minutes before class was even going to start, she plugs in her headphones and lets music take her into another world where all was right, where nothing mattered. Putting her head on her arms she then proceeds to close her eyes and drift off.<p>

She doesn't know how many minutes passed, but she is suddenly woken up by the smell of Salonpas, which she recalls to be the ever lingering scent of the gym.

Startled by the scent, she lazily tilts her head up, only to be met by the boy she was watching a few days ago. Only then was she aware by the whispers and stares she was receiving.

\_Here we go again, \_she thinks as she observes the gossiping girl, probably turning this bigger than it should be. The rumor mill does wonders in high school.

"You're Cherry-chan, aren't you?" The boy before her cheekily says as he casually leans against the chair in front of her desk. Where its occupant was, she could only wonder.

Looking at him questioningly she asks, "Cherry-chan?"

Instead of answering her directly, he gestures to the ends of her hair which is dyed with a shade of red. After a few moments of wondering why he chose that name, she turns to him, "Assuming that I'm this 'Cherry-chan', what can I do for you, Oikawa-san?"

She does not miss the joy in his eyes at the mention of his name.

"Your assumption is right," he says eagerly putting on a smile she has come to be irked by. "As for what you can do for me, can I talk to you somewhere private?" To top it all off, he winks at her, \_winks, \_while she can feel the envious glares of some girls settle on her.

And of course, those overly rumor hungry girls are surprised and are seen to be talking heatedly about the very words he has said. "Wording," she tells him with a clipped tone.

His eyes shine with mischief as he laughs, "You know, you're really funny, Cherry-chan."

The aforementioned girls are then pushed on further and she knows all too well that he was too calculating to not know what he was doing. She's pretty sure that he knows how much of an effect he has with girls. His effect is one of the reasons why she would be undoubtedly in another heated rumor.

"What you plan to tell me in private, you can tell me now." She challengingly says as she looks into his eyes which are as guarded as hers. On his face is a wide smile that she knows to be anything but genuine.

He laughs once more, "You made this, right, \_Akane Chihiro?\_"

Bringing out a folded piece of paper, he carefully unfolds it then places it right in front of her face. She is met with a sketch of him that she has done a few days ago when he was serving. To say the least, she is shocked because she was sure that this drawing got lost a few days back.

At the moment, she was thankful that those behind couldn't see what he was holding.

"Yes," she answers as reaches out for the paper but just as she was about to grab it, he lifts it way over his head. "And if you know my name, why not use it?!"

"Too bad!" He says as he sticks his tongue out at her, "Simple, I don't want to."

Before she can reply, Oikawa suddenly walks hurriedly out of the classroom and before she can run after him, the teacher suddenly walks in and she is forced to take her seat unless she would want to get called out.

Annoyed, she turns to look out her window, glaring in no specific direction as the whispers slowly fade to the background as her thoughts are being occupied by a \_certain \_setter who won't give her drawing back. To make it worse, the rumors that she likes him would probably circulate throughout the whole school before lunch even takes place.

\_Kami-sama, I think I've found someone much more annoying than Aoi, but not even endearing in the slightest bit\_.

\* \* \*

><p>True to her predictions, the rumor did spread like wildfire and now people were giving her much weirder looks and she is, once again, the subject for the pointing and the whispers. It was now much worse seeing as it was already dismissal. The wildfire did spread, and now, it was a blazing inferno of assumptions.<p>

Walking towards the gym, the sounds of a ball hitting the floor or a person became louder and louder with every second she got closer to the gym. Normally, she wouldn't even bother but no, this was the person she had been observing for the past few days.

She knows the predator that lurks behind those smiles. She knows how cunning and sly the man could be under that flirty exterior.

It was that fact that had him entranced by the boy who she found interesting, but now she was annoyed with. Yes, his determination was for her, strangely attractive but when she is the object that he wants to figure out, she wasn't sure how to feel about that.

So in a sense, she's very cautious of the man who currently has possessed something that he should not have even seen. Why she drew him? She doesn't even know. Maybe it was in the heat of the moment when she had a notebook and a pencil with her. Maybe because he was so set on making that serve was what pushed her to draw. He \_captivated \_her, whether she liked it or not.

And it was the latter.

In front of the gym, the whistles and screams are much more evident. Through their screams, she can hear their passion, their desire to improve and to hopefully, play in an actual game. She hears it, with the squeak of rubber shoes against the floor, the sound of the ball hitting the floor, wall or person. She hears the cheers, she hears the enjoyment.

"It's just a clubâ€| why put so much effort into it?" She whispers to no one, exactly.

Standing in front of the gym, she is unsure if she should go inside and ask for Oikawaâ€| but that would start rumors even if boys are less chatty than girls, you can never be too sure.

"Ah, Cherry-chan," She freezes slightly knowing to whom the voice behind her belonged to. "You looking for this?"

He dangles the sheet as it gently sways with the slight breeze.

"Yes, now give it back," she states as she moves closer to him.

"Ah," and the glint she knows is seen in his eyes. Even she knows that that isn't good. "But first, you'll have to do me a favor, Cherry-chan."

Hesitantly she stares back at him, "A favor? As long as it's logical."

"Are you sure?" He grins as he dangles the sketch in front of her face. "A deal is a deal. You complete the favor, you get the sketch. You quit halfway through, I keep the sketch."

His statement made shivers run down her spine, and not the good kind of shivers, mind you.

"And what assurance do I get that this \_favor\_ of yours is within reason?" She questions him, her eyes staring into his accusingly.

Tilting his head to the side, he shoots her yet another grin, "I'm Oikawa Tooru, isn't that assurance enough?"

She looks at him, trying to take in the smug look on his face. She barely knew this person. Only knowing through what she heard through various rumors and whispers here and there. So far, what she knows about him is though his outward attitude displays an irritable childishness, there was always a personality underneath that is like of a Cheshire cat. The type to 'accidentally' lead you into danger, though always smiling, he was as mischievous, sly, cunning, and misleading; the one that always has a hidden agenda.

Glaring at him she says her voice above a whisper, "Coming from you, no."

He laughs, theatrically placing a hand over his chest as if an invisible dagger has just pierced him, "You wound me so, Cherry-chan."

Looking at her, he sighs knowing that his acting was going nowhere.

"Fine," He starts off, seeing the skeptical look in her eyes, "Your assurance is volleyball. If I refuse to go by with what you define as 'within reason', I'll stop playing volleyball."

And he is amused at the visible shock she displayed.

Her eyes were wide with shock that he would risk something as important as that for just a mere \_favor\_. Though she was still unsure as to whether or not to trust this man before her, she also knows that if that drawing falls into the wrong hands, they could mistake it for more than it should mean.

"Alright," Sighing, she gives in, "What favor do you need?"

Then he smiles at her, a smile that she thinks to be \_almost  
\_genuine.

"Cherry-chan, please be my friend."

To say that she was astounded was the least. She has never expected the person she thinks to be mischievous, sly, cunning, and misleading to ask such a favor.

\_How childish, \_she thinks trying to prevent a silly smile from breaking on her face.

Not liking how long she was processing things, Oikawa then proceeds to come closer and flick her in the forehead, satisfied when she lets out an 'ouch'.

"\_Cherry-chan\_," He says with a childish manner, "You haven't answered me yet!"

"Ahâ€| alright then, Oikawa-san\_, \_I'll be your friend." She says decisively in the manner that makes it seem as if she had no choice.

"Oikawa-\_kun\_, call me Oikawa-kun," He corrects her ruffling her hair much to her displeasure as she tries to bat him away. "We're friends, aren't we?"

"Geez, how childish can you get?" Letting out another sigh though there was a small smile on her face, "Alright then Oikawa-\_kun\_, I'll be your friend."

That day, a strange friendship was born.

\* \* \*

><p>Aoi was a good brother, only missing out at picking his sister up a few times. Alright, maybe it was quite a handful of times, but it was for good reasons, really.<p>

Seeing as he has no previous engagement of any sorts, he made his way out of his college to pick up his little sister from her school, and then they would both pick up the twins as their parents couldn't make it today.

"Aoi!" His friend hollers from across the room as he makes his way closer to him, "You free later? The guys and I were going to a goukon but we're one guy short. You interested?"

He puts on a sorry smile, "Ah, sorry but I have to pick up my sister then we'll have to pick up the twins."

"Your sister? The blonde one?" His friend asks excitedly.

"Shut up, Hiroki! You'd never even have the slightest of chances with her!" He laughs as he jokingly punches his friend at his side.

"A guy can dream, man!" Hiroki laughs as he pushes Aoi, "I mean, your

sister looks really cute with the foreigner vibe going on."

When the two of them were walking together, him and Chihiro, they didn't really look like siblings actually. One would be able to mistake them for a couple. And he knows how saddened his sister is for that fact. They don't look a thing alike, the only similarity they had was their father's blood flowing in their veins.

He could only imagine how she must feel every day, being reminded that even just by their appearance, that she didn't belong even if he always tries to convince her otherwise.

As he was heading out of the gates, waving at his buddies who were trying to get lucky at a goukon, he feels a buzzing sensation in his right pocket. Taking out his phone, he checks his messages and sees one from Chihiro.

\_Aoi, \_

\_You're picking me up, right? We promised the twins ice cream, so no backing out. \_

\_-Chihiro\_

\_P.S. I made a friend. \_

He doesn't know how long his eyes linger at the word 'friend', but he does know that a smile was on his face. He was happy for his sister for making one because he knows the reputation she has at school, also elated that someone could stand his sister's sharp tongue.

He scrolls down seeing that there was more of the message.

\_P.P.S. It's a guy. \_

â€|He takes that back, he wasn't so sure that he was happy about this new friend after all. Suddenly, he was thankful for his parents for signing him up for different martial arts classes.

\* \* \*

><p>Hajime didn't know what to make of Oikawa's chipper behavior right now. Of course he was like usual, playful and giving pointers to his teammates, but there's something <em>odd<em>, like he just beat Ushiwaka at a match.

"Oi, Oikawa, what's got you grinning like a madman?" \_As if you already aren't\_, adding that as an afterthought.

The said person looks to him, still smiling with a sparkle in his eyes akin to that of a child who was just bought a new toy.

"Iwa-chan~, I made a new friend!" Oikawa says happily before resuming his practice.

The team's vice-captain doesn't know why, but a shiver runs down his spine. All he can think of at the moment is maybe his previous analogy of the situation may not be too far from the actual thing.

Somehow, he feels as if Oikawa hasn't gained a new \_friend, \_but rather a new \_toy.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hey so, care to tell me about what you think?<br>Your opinion on my OC? \*\*

\*\*Flames welcomed. \*\*

\*\*So until chapter two! \*\*

\*\*Ciao! \*\*

\*\*LuceyLacie\*\*

### 3. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N: Sorry for the long wait! I really am sorry. To somehow make it up to you, I'll have you know that I wrote this chapter more than a few times feeling that each one just wasn't the right one. But anyways, here it is! \*\*

\*\*Thank you also for fav-ing and following this. I really didn't expect it to get this big! I literally jump for joy if someone follows or favs, so really, I can't thank you all enough.  
\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not, in any way, own Haikyuu! The plot and OCs however, are all mine.  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>12:51 AM, <em>the clock reads.

There she lay again, on her bed, looking at her ever blank ceiling a few days after a certain boy had asked her for a rather ridiculous favor. So far, it seems nothing much has changed, except that instead of just staying away from her, some girls suddenly found the guts to talk about her too loudly in the hallways. She doesn't mind, she finds it amusing actually, that they would \_bravely \_insult her in public by raising their voices a bit but suddenly fall into a hush if she were to merely glance their way.

\_All bark but no bite. \_

She had to give it to him; he was really admired by the female and male populace, some in ways much more disturbing than the others. In a sense, he was attractive, physical-wise, and she wouldn't deny that. She cannot help but wonder what would happen if his fans were to see a \_different \_side to him.

But he isn't the reason why she was awake at this hour. She had a recurring nightmare to thank for that, yet a tiny voice in her head tells her that it was a memory she is too afraid to recall.

And she doesn't know what to think about that.



\* \* \*

><p>Somehow she found herself in the spot where she first laid eyes on him. There she was again watching him, curious. The question still lingers, <em>why put so much of your effort in a club?</em>

As if hearing her unsaid question, he turns to her and waving in an exaggerated manner with a smile on his face. Like last time, the crowd around her squeals at the hope that he was waving at them and eagerly wave back.

She doesn't. Instead she looks at him, with her eyes narrowing slightly and he chuckles.

\_ 'Just what are you playing at, Oikawa?' \_ She thinks as he turns to participate in the practice game again.

She watches him play and before she knows it, she was again, completely against her will, captivated at how he easily commands the team, how he is like the glue that sticks them all together. She notices the effect he has on his team, how they all somehow reassured to have him on the same side. Somehow she thinks that they are only relieved to not have someone like Oikawa as an enemy, a person who can easily find your weaknesses and has no qualms about exploiting them if they are to his advantage.

Another reason as to why she was wary around himâ€" and she still wonders what possessed her to talk to him a few days ago, a realization that came to her when her brother was freaking out â€"because if she so much as lets her guard down a bit around him, even for a moment, there was a chance that he would find her weakness. So she is constantly on guard around him even during their small interactions, yet something is bugging her, telling her that her being on guard was exactly what he wanted.

Either that or she is just way too paranoid about someone coming close enough.

But of course, she must humor him to an extent, he had something she wanted back so talking to him isn't completely out of the picture yet.

\_ 'He was trouble', \_she thinks to herself, \_ 'but how can someone so cunning look so \_beautiful?\_' \_

He serves yet again, body and mind completely in tune, eyes focused, zoning in on the ball and the net, with each and every movement measured and practicedâ€" from the way he tosses the ball in the air, runs, to the way he jumps up, and when his hand finally touches the ball, her hand itches for a pencil.

\* \* \*

><p>She was walking out of the gym, a few minutes after their practice ends choosing to let the crowd disperse first, headphones in place, her hands holding her phone as she receives a text form her brother, Aoi.<p>

\_ Chihiro. \_

\_I'm picking you up today. No girls are scheduled for today. \_

\_Aoi. \_

\_P.S. Don't talk to that boy. I mean it. \_

It was quite amusing to see her brother fret over such a matter when he could have been considered a serial dater. His reaction when he rushed over to her after reading one of her messages that concern her sudden friendship with Oikawa was seesawing on the border of hilarious and embarrassing. It didn't help that he was overreacting and lecturing her in public about that matter either.

\_Aoi, \_

\_Go ahead. \_

\_Chihiro.\_

\_P.S. Okay, I'll talk to him then. \_

"Cherry-chan," A voice she knows too well says from behind her. She turns her head to look at him and of course, is greeted by the topic of her and Aoi's conversation.

\_Speak of the devil and he shall arrive. \_

How fitting.

"Oikawa-kun," she nods her greeting and then proceeds to walk again, without turning back. She lets out a sigh of distress when she hears footsteps trailing after her.

"Ah, how mean!" He chides, "And you rejected my wave a while ago too, how cold!"

She pauses in her step, turns to him for another time, and glares a glare that usually works on the rest of her peers for disturbing her. To her disappointment, he isn't even bothered by it all. She was somehow annoyed that she wasn't surprised that he could just brush her glare off to the side.

He then tilts his head to the side, "Don't tell me you've become mute, Cherry-chan."

"Maybe I don't want to talk to you right now." She says coldly with a 'smile' of her own plastered on her face.

A saccharine coated smirk takes place on his face, "And then maybe you wouldn't mind it if I showcase this around school either."

She froze, staring at him with pure distaste on her face, "You wouldn't \_dare.\_"

He smirked, raising an eyebrow, "Try. Me."

The stare off began as the temperature around them seemed to have dropped below zero degrees Celsius. If another person walked by and witnessed the exchange, shivers would run down his/her spine, and not

the good one at that.

A beat.

Another.

A part of her tells her just to go with it for a while, seeing as the sketch going around would no doubt spell TROUBLE; caps-locking it for emphasis, a much needed emphasis. Honestly, she didn't pay attentions to the rumors around her or concerning her, but being linked to \_him\_ was another matter entirely.

She didn't need those girls who have just sprouted backbones to suddenly become \_braver.\_ Heaven save her if they decide to bully her into staying away from their belovedâ€" that, she would not mind, she has more than half a mind to rid herself of his presence.

Then again, it wasn't her who seeks him out, but the other way around. He seeks her out on purpose; not minding that they were in a crowded hallway, or if she was busy minding her own business in the classroom and during break. Currently, she's been looking for new hiding spots because somehow, he always, \_always\_, manages to find her without fail.

It scares her actually, because if he can find her, that means he has noticed patterns. That means that he \_can \_read her and her movements.

And all this trouble because he asked her (or, you know, threatened her) into being his friend.

But then a question nags her, \_why did she give in?\_

She sighs self-deprecatingly because once again, she gives in into his whims. "Fine. What do you want?"

The smile she has learned to dislike was once again on his face. Oh how she wishes to slap it off.

"Ne, Cherry-chan, I noticed that you've beenâ€" on guard around me."

She involuntarily steps back and calmly asks, "On guard?"

Of course on the surface she wouldn't look troubled. No, she kept her poker face on, hoping that she'll win and that he would drop the matter even if she was guilty of the said accusation.

He makes a tutting sound like that of a mother's, one that signaled you were in deep trouble.

"Did you think that you could fool me, Cherry-chan? I've had countless people on their guard for just being on the same court or room as me. So I'll ask again, do you think that you could fool me, \_Cherry-chan?" \_

\_Damn. \_

But of course, she has to bounce back. "I'll admit that. I am on my guard around you, so what?"

He tilts his head to the side and looks at her questioningly,  
"Why?"

"Wellâ€¦ you're you."

"By being 'me', did you mean being charming and charismatic? Why? Afraid I'll steal your heart?" He asks arrogantly to which she replies with a scoff.

"Excuse me?!" She puts a hand on her chest, "I'm on guard because as much as you let this cheery persona out, you're a monster underneath and no, you wouldn't even come \_close \_to stealing my heart."

Looking straight into his eyes, she doesn't see even a flicker of hurt but rather an excitement he can't quite hide at hearing her words.

"Oh, but the first time we met, you almost smiled at the prospect of being my friend."

Tooru was met with silence and a heated glare from the dip dyed person in front of him. He also takes note of the light blush staining her cheeks.

"My, my," he says in a dramatic manner, "Was that moment a slip-up? Did the \_Akane Chihiro\_ slip-up?"

"Hah!" Chihiro exclaims challengingly, "Right now, aren't you the one whose personality is slipping? I mean, what would your fans say at seeing you like this?"

He wasn't even damaged by her statement instead, he lets a Cheshire grin make its way onto his face with his eyes slightly narrowing.

"Ah, but this is who I am, so I can't say that I'm slipping but I can say that you're not worth the hassle of putting that mask on. You're worth so much more than that, Cherry-chan."

She laughs bitterly, "So I'm worthy of seeing the monster that your really are, Oikawa-kun?"

"But knowing you, it should be similar to be looking into the mirror." He says that with one of usual smiles and the only thought that crosses her mind is that his words do not match the expression on his face.

In an odd way, she isn't completely hurt about that statement that he made. Rather, it felt bittersweet to hear that term being said directly to her, in front of her face, and not whispered when they think she isn't looking.

She doesn't know why but it just feels good to finally have someone say it to your face. The odd looks and whispers she'd receive were alright at first. But as time passes by, it just gets annoying to hear the same words they say over and over again when they think she couldn't hear them when she has two perfectly good ears. On days when she felt down, she would turn towards those who were murmuring and

ask them what they needed \_politely\_ and they would become a stuttering mess.

It feels good yet it still hurts.

It just hurts a tiny bit.

It hurts because in the depths of her heart she knows she is. She tells herself that it was because she ruined her father's picture perfect family by suddenly barging in the picture but her subconscious tells her that it was something more than that. When she does try to find out why, she only comes up with a blank. So maybe it hurts her because she doesn't exactly know why she brands herself as a monster.

She'll never let him see that tiny bit of hurt though.

Chihiro sends him a smirk, "Thank you for pointing that out, really."

"You're welcome," Tooru says cheerily while winking. "But I would really appreciate if you aren't so guarded around me. To prove my point, you still are right now."

"Then take that appreciation and give it to someone who wants it then." She tells him blankly.

She then turns around and proceeds to walk once more. Chihiro groans when she hears footsteps catching up to her and groans louder when she feels his presence right beside her.

They walk together in silence until they reach the entrance of the school. It was a good silence, because she didn't have to deal with him talking. Sadly, he didn't share the same sentiment with her.

"Are you busy two days from now, Cherry-chan?" He suddenly asks her out of the blue.

She looks at him with one eyebrow raised. "Oikawa-kun," she asks not even bothering to hide the disgust in her words, "Are you asking me out on a date?"

Tooru looks at her eyes widening slightly at her words, "No! unless you want me to. I wouldn't mind, but I'm pretty sure Iwa-chan would hit me again if I ditch practice."

She lets out a breath of relief, thanking whoever was watching out for her, but scrunches her face up when remembering something he said, "Iwa-chan? Who's she?"

It was that moment when she hears him laughing for the first time. She didn't know if it was genuine or something he does on reflex, but she likes the sound of his laughter, like he was just a child not knowing the woes of the world. She didn't have that kind of pleasure when she was young.

"Cherry-chan, Iwa-chan's a guy." He manages to say out between laughs. "What made you think he was a girl?"

She looks at him with confusion etched upon her features, "You call him Iwa-\_chan\_."

"It's just a thing I do, don't worry." He says wiping the sides of his eyes as if tears were falling from them from laughing too much. "He's the team's vice captain."

They walk again in silence until he breaks it, again.

"Soâ€| two days from now there's a match against a \_certain\_ school and I want you to watch, assuming they'll win the match before they face us." He shrugs like he knew they would be their opponents, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Sure." She answers before she could stop herself.

Why had she agreed?

She didn't know.

But the allure of seeing him in an actual match would surely be a sight. The irritation in his voice when he was talking about this \_certain\_ school made her curious as to what they did to deserve the aggravation that was coming off Oikawa. She'll admit she wanted to see just how much more of a beast on the court he'll be when faced with an actual opponent, that opponent being one that annoyed him was just the cherry on top because then, she'll see more of him than she usually does.

She already has a feeling that he's slowly piecing her together, managing to read her further than she reads him. She can't have him find out another thing to hang over her head, so why not snoop around as well to find something she can use as leverage with him? That way, she isn't the only one at a disadvantage.

And though she's already berating herself for agreeing, it does actually have a hand in deciphering the man beside her.

Though she doesn't want to admit it, she also wants to go and bring her notebook with her, just in case she is hit with another wave of inspiration. He doesn't need to know that and end up threatening her again.

"Don't get your hopes up though; I'm not going to end up as another one of your fans." She dismissively says as she picks up her pace, leaving him there standing.

\* \* \*

><p>He is left there, looking after a girl whose hair was dip dyed with the color of red.<p>

This girl was different. That much he knew. There was something behind those grey eyes of her that spell out fragile if someone were to look deep enough. Well, it may have been easier for him to notice that since his insight is something one should be proud of.

Her eyes, though usually lit with anger, annoyance, and wary whenever they meet, held a secret that just basically entices him to find out. With her being \_that\_ guarded made it hard but it also confirmed that

she was hiding something she'd prefer he wouldn't find out. Another reason why she was that guarded may be because she knows that he could read her in a moment of weakness, and he's amused by that. She knows just how bad he actually is. He wants her to guarded, really, he does. Because the higher you raise the walls you use to keep everyone out, the more effect it'll have when it all comes crashing down.

They tell him that he specializes in finding out another person's weakness. The first step to finding her Achilles' heel was her eyes.

They say that the eyes were the mirror to the soul, and they couldn't be more right.

He needed to find out why they always looked so sad, so lonely or squeeze the reason out of her.

As she finally leaves his line of sight, her last words echo in his mind, and he is so relieved that she wouldn't end up to be another one of his fans, so, so relived and just a little disappointed.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>THANKS FOR READING. <strong>

\*\*Please leave a review if you can, to tell me what you think.  
\*\*

\*\*I accept constructive criticism and flames as well, so fire away.  
\*\*

\*\*I'm new to this writing thing, so I'll accept any chance I have to learn. \*\*

\*\*Until next chapter, \*\*

\*\*Ciao!\*\*

\*\*LuceyLacie\*\*

End  
file.